

# Revenge of the Elite

by Shadows That Lurks

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-03-19 02:57:53

Updated: 2006-01-20 02:58:43

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:00:31

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 1,558

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Chapter 2 and 3 are up and ready. I finally reopened this file. Enjoy, R&R!Elite Sanik 'Jiramacree has been assigned to the destrcution of the Human race on Halo. Follow allong as he fights to gain honor and respect from the rest of the Covenant.

## 1. The First Assault

\_Disclaimer: I don't own the right to Halo or any of its characters or anything else. \_

### Revenge of the Elite

#### Chapter 1: The first assault.

Sanik 'Jiramacree was a newbie elite how had just graduated from training. His skills as a tactician had already spread to some of the prophets. He had graduated with honors giving him a special promotion and an upgrade to red armor. Most of the other elites that were in his class had now been put under his command. He was stationed on the sacred ring world of Halo. Sanik was called upon when 'Mortumee was killed during an attack on the human convoy. Sanik reported to the Field Master Noga 'Potumee.

'Potumee stood off to the left of the majority of his forces. He stood tall and presented himself with the utmost authority. His military record far surpassed that of many well respected elites. Sanik was wise with his cautious approach.

"It is an honor to meet you Field Master" Sanik said as he bowed

"Sanik 'Jiramacree, so you're the master tactician I've been hearing about."

Sanik rose slowly. He was astounded that his name had reached some one so well known and regarded.

"You will be given two platoons of Grunts, a set of Jackals, and a pair of Hunters to help you on your first assignment. We need you to try and break a line through the Human defenses so our stealth team to enter into their strong hold and plant a plasma bomb. It should have the capacity to completely wipe out the entire base and the sounding 3miles."

"Thank you excellently. I will not let you down!"

Sanik was dismissed and left to asses his new troops. The Grunts didn't seem to have any special qualities and the Jackals held their basic armament; however, the Hunters were massive. They carried their huge shield and the enormous fuel rod cannon. Impressed by the Hunters stature, 'Jiramcree ordered the troops over to the far side of a near hill. While he was assessing the regiment 'Jiramcree had picked out several grunts, Jackals, and Elites to be his officers. He had been given a highly detailed map of the surrounding area.

His officers were given their orders and began placing their units. According to the data the main force would attack from the left side of the hill were as 'Jiramcree would assault from the right. His troops were to force their way past the defenses which would be weakened from the main attack. It seemed to be a basic bait and switch maneuver, but nothing goes as planned in war.

## 2. Entrance

\_Disclaimer: I don't own the right to Halo or any of its characters or anything else. \_

Revenge of the Elite

### Chapter 2: Entrance

'Jiramcree had placed two Elites with energy sniper rifles on both of the surrounding hill tops. Each of the two platoons of grunts was divided into 6 groups of 8 soldiers and was accompanied by 3 Jackals. The hunters were placed in the valley created by the two hills and had 4 grunts and 2 Jackals along with them. 'Jiramcree stationed himself with the grunts and Jackals. He was never one to miss a good fight.

A radio signal came to 'Jiramcree's attention. The assault had begun, and it was time for his attack. 'Jirmacree gave the orders.

"CHARGE!"

All the units except for those placed in the valley advanced head long at the human base. The human defenses drew up there positions and lined up targets. 'Jirmacree raised his right hand into the air. This was the snipers signal to open fire. Both dropped a human on the first shot. Then another pair fell, and yet 2 more. They were dead long before they could react to the deaths of their comrades. At least 30 human warriors ran out of the base.

Sanik pushed his troops forward. They all ran faster heading directly for the human base. A shot rang off his red armor's shields. They

pulsed slightly, then recharged. He laughed at the human's technology. He leveled out his plasma rifle and returned fired. The troops running behind him followed his example and began to rain plasma onto the human's stronghold. An explosion rang out. Sanik wheeled to his left to see half of his advancing troops decimated, and scattered upon the ground. Enraged by their deaths, but more so at himself for underestimating the human defenses.

'Jiramcree howled into the air. He ran solo toward the base, as the rest of his group was still recovering from the blast of the anti-tank mine. He reached the encampment to be face to face with four human soldiers. The one closest to him stood just to his right. With a quick swing of his arm, 'Jiramcree eliminated that target. He had transferred his gun to his left hand. As he took out the first human, he fired at another. The human dropped to the ground smoldering from plasma burns. A quick three round burst bounced off his shields. He rushed forward, and with a strong blow he leveled the third human. He failed to see the last enemy swing behind him. Horrified when he realized his mistake, 'Jiramcree thought quickly. His foe started to bear its weapon. Sanik knew he was much faster. He shifted his feet slightly and swung around to his right and grabbed the assault rifle. Sanik brought up his plasma weapon into the gut of his foe, and fired. Four rounds tore through armor and flesh. His enemy dropped in a heap on the floor.

By this time, his unit arrived at the fortress. He pointed toward the middle of the camp. There stood a structure that headed into the ground. He clicked his upper mandibles. That was the closest to a smile the elites gave.

### 3. Get off my super weapon

\_Disclaimer: I don't own the right to Halo or any of its characters or anything else. \_

Revenge of the Elite

Chapter 3: Get off my super weapon!

Sanik looked about his remaining troops. He pointed to a group of white armored grunts, then to a set of four elites.

"You're with me. We're going in to plant the purifier. The rest of you stay here and guard the entrance. Let nothing else in, or out."

His orders were countered by the grunt's squeal, the jackal's nod, and the elite's clicks. His team set off into the underground of Halo. Sanik issued two elites camouflage and had them scout ahead. The group of grunts was behind them, then Sanik, and in the rear were the two remaining elites. 'Jiramcree decided not to take any jackals since their shields would take up to much of their already limited maneuvering space.

The sound of plasma and human weapons rang out in the hall. Sanik signaled to halt movement. He carefully stepped forward. The grunts shuffled out of his path. His eyes shifted back and forth uneasily. After the initial charge he had become more tentative to the details. The walkway was silent. That was bad. Sanik drew up his plasma rifle,

peered around the corner. Two elites and five humans lay slain upon the floor. His comrades died in battle, the greatest honor.

'Jiramcree Signaled for the rest of his troops. They lined up around him and took their positions. Quietly they advanced into the depths of the human installment. He had expected more resistance. He was not about to be disappointed. The grunts rounded another corner and drew up their weapons. A full discharge from a plasma pistol raced into the room. Sanik howled and charged; the two other elites followed his example.

They turned to find fifteen, heavily armed human soldiers. The grunts lined and advanced. Sanik and the elites rushed ahead. The elite on his right was pelted with rounds. His shields flicked, overloaded and failed. Deep purple blood fell upon the floor, and splattered on the walls. Sanik ran faster. Leveling his plasma rifle, he fired. A human slumped to the floor. The other elite primed a grenade. Reaching back to throw the elite's shields gave out and bullets ripped open his armor and destroyed his flesh. The elite's head hit the ground with intense force.

Sanik reached the line of humans intact. He dropped his rifle and drew out his sword. With a swift sideways slash of his hand, one enemy hit the floor in two pieces. 'Jiramcree grabbed the nearest human on his right by the head, and thrust his weapon into the soldier's gut. His foe spat out blood, and died as Sanik released him. The last elite lunged forward, and then brought his weapon down at the next enemy. The arched plasma cleaved the foe in twain. Behind him a human rushed towards him. Just as he reached Sanik, his chest exploded in a mass of pink shards. The explosion caught 'Jiramcree attention. He wheeled around to find a dead marine and another marine headed at him. Sanik side stepped the human's fire and cut through him like butter. Another target eliminated. The death toll was now at 12. The grunts accounted for seven of those kills. They simply outnumbered the marines. With one last, well placed grenade Sanik finished the fight.

End  
file.